

The Times - Dispatch

Business Office.....115 E. Main Street,
Richmond, Va.
Post Office.....109 N. E. Main Street,
Richmond, Va.
Lynchburg Bureau.....215 Eighth Street,
Lynchburg, Va.

BY MAIL One Six Three One
Year, Mo. Mo. Mo. Mo.
Daily with Sunday.....\$10.00 \$10.00 \$10.00 \$10.00
Daily without Sunday.....4.00 2.00 1.00 .50
Sunday edition only.....1.00 1.00 .50 .25
Weekly (Wednesday).....1.00 .50 .25 .10

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service
in Richmond (and suburbs) and Peter-
burg.....One Week
Daily with Sunday.....15 cents
Daily without Sunday.....10 cents
Sunday edition only.....5 cents

Entered January 7, 1906, at Richmond,
Va., as second-class matter under act of
Congress of March 3, 1879.

FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1912.

THE HILLSVILLE OUTRAGE.

The hearts of the people of Virginia are bowed down and their souls stirred with indignation and horror at the intelligence of the brutal and unparalleled murders at Hillsville yesterday. The law-abiding citizenship of this State was appalled; it seemed incredible that such dastardly deeds could be within the borders of the Commonwealth. Here in a State recognized as one most tenaciously upholding the majesty of the law a judge on the bench after sentencing a prisoner was, without a moment's warning, murdered. Seeking to defend him and to maintain law and order, the sheriff and the Commonwealth's attorney were killed. Others were dangerously wounded. Hideous lawlessness and riot overturned the reign of law. Murderers walked boldly about the streets, and no man dared raise his finger in protest. A courtroom in a flash was transformed into a slaughterhouse, and a clan of desperadoes defied the whole State. It was an unspeakable horror, a monstrous atrocity without precedent in the annals of Virginia. By the side of it the crimes of the Camorra are tame and childish. In the twinkling of an eye the assassin's bullet wiped out the entire judicial machinery of a county.

The people of the State desire, as one man, that every effort shall be made to bring these men before the bar which yesterday they struck down, so that there may be meted out to them that stern and summary justice which they so brutally defied. The law-abiding citizens of Carroll county will, we feel sure, join with the representatives of the State in seeing to it that lawlessness shall not be met with lawlessness, but that these murderers shall be brought into court and adjudged by the orderly processes of a swift and terrible law. Passion runs high at an hour like this, but the pistol of the assassin and the noose of the mob are alike abhorrent to the law-abiding people of a law-abiding State. The law will wreak a more fearful vengeance than the mob. Let us hope that the prompt, decisive and commendable action of Governor Mann will result in the absolute maintenance of the peace and dignity of the State.

There is no limit to the expense, to the risk or to the effort which must be incurred in order to clear the State of the shame and the disgrace of yesterday's horror. It must, and will, be removed.

A FAR-REACHING DECISION.

If we except its opinions in political cases, on questions involving directly or indirectly the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution and definitions of citizenship and its rights, such as the slaughter-house cases and Williams vs. Mississippi, for instance, in years, none has attracted more widespread attention and comment than the majority opinion of that tribunal just delivered in the "patent" case. This unusual attention and comment is due to several causes; among them the extraordinary scope of the opinion, the vigorous criticism of the majority's conclusion in the dissent of Chief Justice White and two of his associates, Justices Lamar and Hughes, and the probable amendatory patent legislation by Congress that will result.

A brief statement of the patent, or, more specifically, the "mimeograph" case is this: The holder of the patent requires his customers to buy of him a variety of supplies for the operation of the machine, which are not patentable, and could be obtained in the open market. The majority of the court sustained the claim of right to this requirement, finding under argument that supplies purchased of others than the patentee might not work well, and might cause injury to the device, for which the patentee would be blamed, and that such purchases, being contrary to the conditions of the sale, constituted contributory infringement of the patent.

The broad and far-reaching effect of the decision is that a patentee may prescribe conditions under which his patent may be used or sold, although such conditions open the way to the organization of minor monopolies in restraint of competition in nonpatentable articles. In his caustic, forcibly phrased, dissenting opinion, the Chief Justice, speaking for himself and his concurring associates, has dissent on two grounds—violation of State sovereignty, by acceptance of the case as within Federal jurisdiction at all, and the fact that the patent law is construed by the "opinion of the court" with inconceivable strictness amounting to absurdity. It is maintained that if the opinion is to remain law an intolerable condition will be established.

The Chief Justice explains and justifies the strong and sharp language he employs in discussing the majority opinion by expressing the hope that it may lead to narrowing the application of the decision in the future, and may serve to call attention to the necessity of remedial legislative action.

To this latter status clearly it would seem it must come, if relief is to be had, unless there is a rehearing and reversal, or a less latitudinous construction by the court. Moreover, to one or the other status, or both, there are already indications, it will come. The majority opinion was not that of a full court. Responsive to the Chief Justice's criticism and exposition, to press support thereof, and to the evidences of public protesting sentiment, there is already talk of bringing about a rehearing by a full bench and of congressional revision of the patent statutes.

To both, it would appear, in truth, it should come; for the Chief Justice, in supporting his contentions, demonstrates by homely, but effective illustrations, by citations of practical analogies, and by cogent reasoning, that, as the law now stands, under the majority dictum, patent right is right of tyranny.

Pursued to its logical conclusion, the tyrannical and restricting right could be exercised in respect of our household and domestic affairs, as suggested in the question, "Under the law as now construed, would it not be possible for the patentee of an incompressible cook stove to insist that all food cooked in it should be purchased from him?" In the present instance there is nothing less absurd than this apparent reduction ad absurdum.

The interests injuriously affected by the decision are not only multifarious, but range from comparatively the most trivial and commonplace to those of the highest importance as bearing upon protection against monopoly.

THE SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT.

President Taft recently issued a statement advocating a sort of National Board of Trade composed of representatives from about a thousand local boards of trade and other commercial bodies. Through the Department of Commerce and Labor, invitations have been issued for a convention to be held in Washington on April 15. In the clamor and confusion incident to the entrance of a tumultuous presidential aspirant upon the national stage, this proposal was submerged. Yet it is of wide significance in showing the tendency to use extra-legal means of furthering the legal interests of the government, and illustrates the deep tendency of the times to found legislation upon science in the true sense, that is, upon first-hand knowledge of conditions, upon statistics and data, rather than upon sentiment and tradition. The lessons of the scientific spirit are slowly permeating the practical conducting of affairs.

It would be easy to construe this plan as a new method of turning the people over to selfish business interests, and of forming a closer and more detrimental alliance between the financial machinery of the nation and its governmental agencies. Yet, since so large a part of the national welfare depends upon good business, the President is right in delecting "the aid of such an organization to assist the legislative and executive branches of the government in the intelligent and impartial development of domestic and foreign trade." The important thing is to keep such aid both impartial and intelligent, free from the grasping instinct of local ambition, and representative of the varying needs of a great people.

So tremendously complicated have become the functions of our central government that its representatives do need all the aid they can possibly get. In every direction they are seeking the light. The formation of that new agency for keeping the States in touch with each other, called fittingly, "The House of Governors," is but another sign that the machinery devised a hundred years ago must be enlarged somewhat to meet bigger demands. The constantly increasing number of commissions, boards, investigating bodies and surveys is indicative of the same need. And underneath a hundred superficial symptoms of the general principle lies the modern conception of action based upon knowledge, and of a division of labor as true economy.

Not least interesting in Mr. Taft's proposition is the instinctive recognition that the functions of government are slowly cleaving into two distinct parts. One has to do with the material needs of the people. It concerns itself with money, commerce, industrial development, trade relations, transportation, and what is called business. The other deals with man's social needs. In this lie education, science, art, health, international peace, the principles of social equity between man and man, as in the relations of labor and capital and those of marriage and divorce, and all the finer issues of the spirit for which food, shelter, and clothing are but preliminaries. If Mr. Taft shows wisdom in furthering a closer union between our business life and the machinery of government, we may trust that there are statesmen who are no less concerned with making the whole machine work for finer results in the business of living.

REUNION OF VETERAN STUDENTS.

The University of Virginia is endeavoring to gather information about the survivors of students who went from the halls of the university into the military or naval service of the Confederate States, with the view of holding a reunion of these veterans, the coming commencement in June. The information sought consists of name and address of the student, his residence at the university between 1860 and 1865, the approximate date at which he entered the Confederate service, with the command and rank, and the date and conditions under

which he left the service. These facts will enable the authorities to group the survivors and arrange for a notable memorial gathering of those undergraduates of the sixties who left her cloistered quiet for the sterner discipline of war.

To a visitor, it seems strange that there is no memorial of the university's war history save the simple bronze tablets beside the rotunda door. Perhaps this may be because her traditions are so rich in spiritual significance as to need no symbol, or because her sons answered what to them was so simple a call of duty that they need no praise. She has no memorial hall like Harvard's; nor need to make large the annals of youth as did one Western university, on whose campus is a bronze statue in honor of the single student who lost his life in the Spanish-American War. Yet the noble feeling that built this statue knew that youth needs a token; and our university is doing wisely to bring into the life of her students of to-day, their fellows of fifty years ago, who went without vaudeville or degree to give their service to the State.

It is to be hoped that all who can help the university to gather these survivors of her alumni together now while they can still be gathered will do so heartily. Such an occasion would be fitting recognition of the service of these elder sons, and a lesson to those who now sit within her gates.

The shooting of a judge as he sat on the bench is perhaps without parallel in the annals of the American judiciary. The nearest case of which we know was the shooting of David S. Terry, of California, by Deputy United States Marshal Neagle in 1892. In this case, however, the shooting was outside the courtroom, and the officer of the law killed the enraged person before the latter could kill the judge. Terry, former Chief Justice of California, was, together with his wife, interested in a conspiracy case before Associate Justice Stephen J. Field, of the United States Supreme Court, who had been on the Supreme bench of California with Terry. Terry's wife charged Field with venality during the case, indignantly accusing him in the courtroom. Field ordered her out of court. Terry made it known that he intended to kill Field. Neagle was especially assigned to protect Field, and when Terry came into a railroad eating house in California and began to assault Field, Neagle killed Terry, and the case was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, which decided that the deputy was justified in shooting.

We never actually saw a natural law, but something that comes pretty close to one is that when a sunshiny afternoon happens along this time of year everybody who can walk will be on the streets.

Owing to the common sense of the American people, the enormous waste of public printing by the government is not followed by any enormous waste of public reading.

If a man really wants an excuse for spring fever he can easily imagine the beat of the automatic riveting machine on a skyscraper is the smart tap-tap-tap of a woodpecker.

If the United States postal authorities are looking for economy, the pay-as-you-enter letter box might help. It would save a lot of time to put a letter in the slot, insert the amount of postage needed in pennies, press a lever and have it over with. The cancellation would be sufficient without the added expense of an actual stamp. The time of a clerk to sell stamps would also be saved, and the time needed for canceling in the office. It should be as efficient and convenient as the pay telephone system.

The custom of ringing a fire bell is picturesque and thrilling, but it is a survival of village days. It draws a crowd and adds useless confusion to what is often serious and dangerous work. Richmond is a city and can afford to prevent fire losses in the most modern manner.

A contemporary wants to know why the girls wear their dusting caps to the theatre. We suggest that it is because the play holds the mirror up to Nature, and some of the fixings under the caps wouldn't stand the test.

Time brings its consolations. Two gentlemen from North Carolina are going to try to win \$2,000 by running an automobile backward from Winston-Salem to New York. And they will have to stand the odor of their own machine all the way.

Uncle Simpson Pepper says he don't think a mule bites his tongue the way he does to keep from laffin, but to keep from tellin' people what he really thinks about them.

It may be presidential year, and China may be waking up, and woman's suffrage a burning issue, but we notice that the words you overhear on Broad Street run like this: "Well, my dear, I'm just crazy about that new ceru messaline applique," or "You know, the horrid thing won't have my hat done until the very day before Easter."

A publicity manager for Mr. Roosevelt must be a supernumerary organ very much like the vermiform appendix.

Whoever got the Pole, car old friend the Aurora, Australia has been successfully rediscovered. "I saw it last in a physical geography, and here it is peering and dancing down in Haddon's land, the other side of the world." It may be said that the Aurora trails is the Aurora borealis.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

Monarch of All He Surveys.
He sits there in a day—
He gets them right in the way—
And like the hero in the play,
He struts with air dramatic.
Upon the street of his grand
Is tendered him on every hand
As to the ruler of the land
In manner most emphatic.

They all have compliments to burn;
His state of health they fain would learn.
As though 'twere of deep concern
To city, State and nation.
Though he's been single all his life,
They say he's got a wife.
The time for courtesies is nigh.
He's made to feel his station.

He's welcomed all along the line.
They say, "Old man, you're lookin' fine.
Come in, we'll open up some wine,
And have a little of our motor."
They fill him full of cordial breeze,
They tell him he's the entire cheese.
The best is none too good, for he's
The independent voter.

Memories.
Firstly, secondly, thirdly and fourthly
preachers.
Two-cent pieces.
Gray plug hats.
Link chain buttons.
Sleeve elastics.
Arctics.
Sulphur tonic.
Batwing ties.
Tight trousers.
Door knockers.

Those Annoyances.
A Harvard professor—and therefore
some professor, indeed—says there are
really no annoyances in life except
those which spring from the imagination.
It is not exactly proper to apply
that short and ugly north pole word
to a Harvard professor, so we will
merely say we believe he has erred.
A professor doesn't get out around much,
and perhaps this one heard of the
following little annoyances with which
the imagination has nothing whatever
to do.

Getting a package of flannel shirt-
waists and female lingerie home from
the laundry by mistake when you are
in a hurry to catch a train and haven't
a clean shirt to your back.
Having some extremely healthy and
well fed person give you advice on
what to eat when you can't keep any-
thing on your stomach but your union
suit.

Getting up in the middle of the night
to answer the telephone only to find
that the man on the other end of the
line is trying to get the brewery.
Having some one ask you where the
Second Presbyterian Church is when
you don't even know where the first one
is.

Getting on the street car with a
lonesome nicker and having two girl
friends get on at the next corner.

Voice of the People

St. John's Church and Graveyard—
Patriotism and Religion Have
Made It Famous.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir: While in Richmond some time
ago, I visited one of the old and
historic localities of your very old town
St. John's Church. The contemplation
of any object which bears a stamp
of age always arouses emotions
of veneration and pleasure. To be in
contact with a place which has caused
pain, sorrow or pleasure to those who
lived in a far distant past causes feelings
which cannot well be described.
While the evidence which bears directly
conclusive, St. John's Episcopal Church
was built in 1720. Its organization is
still kept up and the church still holds
within its walls the original shape of
the church building was rectangular,
but it was enlarged early in the
present century by the addition of
wings, which gave it the form of a
cross. This old church has been a
scene where not only priests, but patri-
ots, have held their services. Many of
the great men of the country, including
Patrick Henry, speaking before the House
of Burgesses in 1775, aroused the en-
thusiasm of his hearers by the attitude
of the Colonies with his well-known
burst of eloquence ending, "I know
not what course others may take, but
give me liberty, or give me death."
It was also within these venerable
walls that the convention met in 1788
which ratified the Federal Constitution.

Overhanging the pulpit, which has
been cut down from its original
height, is the famous portrait of
which swayed the eloquent voice of
the orators of 1775 and echoed the
plans of his patriotic hearers, as
well as the words of the words of
the minister of God, as each Sabbath
morning—then as now—1775 and 1912
the dispersed the word of God to
listening congregations. Many of the
old pews are still ornamented with
the same clumsy hinges, extending
nearly across their doors, upon which
they were wont to swing open to re-
ceive the sacred hero of the Revolution,
with his cocked hat under one
lace befrilled sleeve and his big
palm book under the other, who, bend-
ing his silver-headed cane, bowed
his snowy wig beside the quaint bonnet
of his lady, clad in the dainty gown
and prim kerchief of ye
good olden time.

To the right of the chancel is a
small baptismal font taken from old
"St. John's Church on James River, which
is no longer standing. The font is
over two hundred years old, and from
its shallow, shell-shaped bosom of
pure white marble came a numerous
train of innocents have been received
into the church during seven or eight
generations.

In the old graveyard which sur-
rounds the church are many tomb-
stones, some upright and some flat,
none costly or pretentious and many of
them marked with age. Upon almost
every marble is inscribed the trade or
profession of the man to whom it was
raised, which shows at least they were
not ashamed of earning their bread
"in the sweat of their face." One old
stone bears the following:

In memory of Abraham Shield, stone
cutter and brick layer, a native in
the county of Durham, O. E., who de-

Abe Martin

These inscriptions could be greatly
extended, but enough have been given
to show their general character. This
graveyard is surrounded with a high
brick wall. The city has advanced up
to and around it, but there is no dis-
cussion to remove this ancient place
of rest, as has often been done in
other cities. The probabilities are
that St. John's Church will be allowed
landmarks connecting our present civi-
lization with colonial times.

As I looked over St. John's Church
yard, and realized that most of the
silent sleepers there played their parts
in the history of Virginia many gen-
erations ago, the lines of Sir Walter
Scott came to mind:

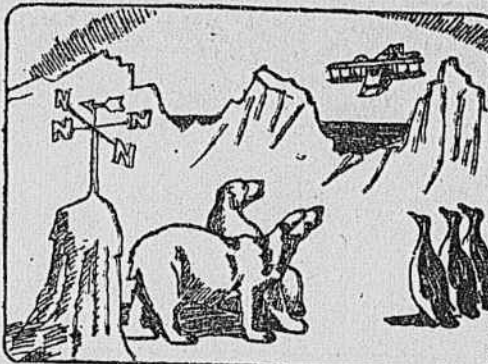
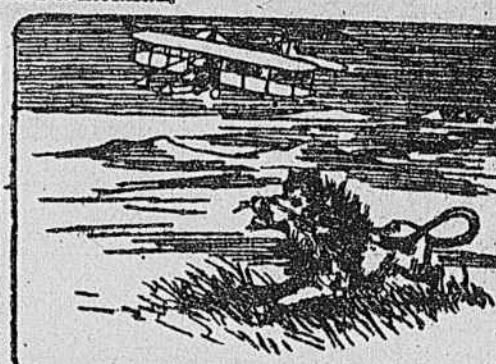
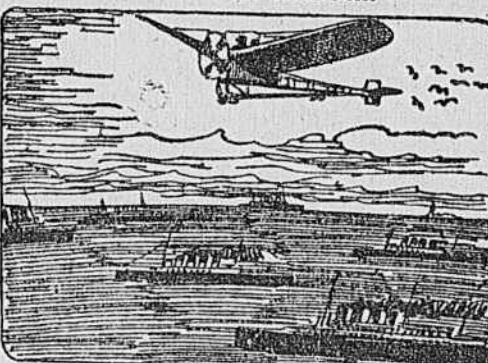
"Time rolls his ceaseless course. The
race of yore."
That danced our infancy upon their
knee,
And told our marvellous boyhood leg-
ends store,
Of their strange ventures hap'd by
land and sea,
How are they blotted from the things
that be,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide return-
ing hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight.
Charlotteville.

How to Close the Saloons Without
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir:—Several years ago the startling

HOW TO BE FAMOUS THOUGH FATAL.

By John T. McCutcheon.

(Copyright, 1912, by John T. McCutcheon.)

Fame Route No. 1—Buy a good stout aeroplane
and be the first to reach the South Pole.Fame Route No. 2—Or be the first to fly from
Cairo to the Cape.

Fame Route No. 3—Fly across the Atlantic.



Fame Route No. 4—Fly to the top of Mount Everest.

Fame Route No. 5—Fly over the Forbidden City
of Mecca.Fame Route No. 6—Fly to Thibet and do a few
spirals over the city of Lhasa.

parted this life October 9, 1788. Aged
twenty-eight years.

When I was young and in my prime
It pleased the Lord to end my time.
And took me to a place of rest,
Where Jesus Christ did think it best.

Another is as follows:

Here lies the body of Mr. Daniel
Denton, gun maker of this city, who
was shot by James McNaught after
having been in his employ eight years,
three months and fifteen days.

Not far from the last grave sleeps
Mr. Charles Southgate, poet and musi-
cian.

Samuel Shepard is described as hav-
ing done eighteen years faithful ser-
vice in the honorable station of Auditor
of Public Accounts of the Common-
wealth of Virginia.

Another was prominent as a soldier.
Another as a physician.
Much of the lettering is entirely ef-
faced by time and the elements, but
the oldest tomb whose date I could
read is that of Robert Rose, rector of
Albemarle Parish, died 1751. Here are
some of the oldest epitaphs and in-
scriptions:

Here lieth the body of Hiram Donan
alias Smith

Another reads:

Here lieth the body of William
Davidson, who departed this life May
11, 1599. Aged forty-one years.

A tender wife will long his loss de-
plore,
Her kind, indulgent husband now no
more.

In honest paths he has unceasing
trod,
And proved himself the noblest work
of God.

The friends of Sarah Ann Smith have
handed her down to posterity in the
following manner:

Sarah Ann Smith. Died September
23d, 1826. Aged nineteen years.

Return, my friends, and cease to weep,
Whilst in Christ Jesus here I sleep;
Prepare yourself your soul to save,
There is no repentance in the grave.

Stop, my friends, as you pass by,
As you are now so once was I.
I am now you soon must be,
Prepare yourself to follow me.

Some one with more wit than rever-
ence has written beneath the above
as follows:

"To follow you I am not content,
Unless I know which way you went."

A merchant of Richmond, John Les-
ter, who died in 1891, is thus eulogized:
No pampered verse or sculptured stone
Shall vaunt how lineage ran;
Write this upon the heart alone:
Her lies an honest man.

These inscriptions could be greatly
extended, but enough have been given
to show their general character. This
graveyard is surrounded with a high
brick wall. The city has advanced up
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of rest, as has often been done in
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race of yore."
That danced our infancy upon their
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And told our marvellous boyhood leg-
ends store,
Of their strange ventures hap'd by
land and sea,
How are they blotted from the things
that be,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide return-
ing hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight.
Charlotteville.

How to Close the Saloons Without
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir:—Several years ago the startling

announcement was made through the
press that 300 saloons had been closed
within one month in one of the great
cities of the United States. Temper-
ance advocates had not been especially
active there. Certainly it was not the
work of the Carrie T. Nation hatchet.
The mystery is easily solved by look-
ing at the date of the surprising news.
The St. Louis World's Fair had just
closed. There was no longer a demand
for so many saloons.

Now that is the real and only
method of abolishing the saloons. Sim-
ply destroy the demand for them.

It is true that the lawgivers may
prevent the opening of gilded palaces
of sin in public places. They can
declare the buying and the selling of
ardent spirits to be a crime and fix a
penalty therefor. But that will not
prevent those who love whiskey from
drinking it, and from tempting others
to drink. It may lessen intemperance
to a certain extent, but it will increase
lying and deceit in equal proportion.

There are laws more binding than
the statutes of any court against mur-
der, theft, divorce and other sins, yet
the daily news, from the time of their
making, would show, could it be traced, a
continual record of law-breaking.
If all the money spent on literature,
oratory and traveling expenses in the
cause of total abstinence could have
been devoted to winning souls for
Christ, not only would the temperance
cause have flourished, but penitentiaries
and jails would be vacated, as well
as saloons.

God has ordained the preaching of
the Gospel for the purification of man-
kind, and the demand for it can be
no other means. The "natural man"
will ever be a transgressor of God's
law. The "twice-born" man will have
a continual battle with the power of
the evil. But God is on the side of the
latter. "Though he fall, he shall not
be utterly cast down."

Thievery is as common now as it
was in the Middle Ages. Yet no so-
ciety is formed, no expensive campaign
is started to put a stop to stealing, or
to any other crime in the decalogues.
The guilty one is punished, if caught.
An immense sum is spent in the
catching and the holding, and the law-
lessness goes on and on. Just so,
to fine and imprison the drinker and
the seller of liquor will not abolish
intemperance.

Therefore, let all the strenuous ef-
forts now put forth in the cause of
prohibition be turned into the chan-
nel of salvation. The currents will
not be opposing forces, but each will
strengthen the other.

People are ever ready to hear a
gospel song or a Bible truth. Send
messengers to every neighborhood to
proclaim the old, old, story of repen-
tance, confession, believing and re-
generation, and the temperance cause
wins.

The saloons will close by auto-ma-
chinery.
If the weak brother be an honorable
man, and he often is, he is disgusted

with frequent appeals to him to sign
a pledge. He well knows that unless
he has the manhood to resist tempta-
tion, he surely has not the self-con-
trol to keep a promise. He will not
perform his duty. But let a lover of
purity be near him in the trying hour,
to point to One who is touched with
a feeling of our infirmities, who "was
in all points tempted," "yet without
sin"; then help and victory will come.

It has been wisely said that the
difference between failure and suc-
cess is merely that the winner "holds
out five minutes longer." Suppose it
were the duty of a humble Christian
worker to be near, in the hour of
temptation, to the weak brother, for
whom Christ died; that he should lov-
ingly help him to resist the evil one,
striving against sin; to tell him when
he says he "must drink or die," that
it is better to die the death of a hero
than to fall like a coward; to use
locks or fetters when prayers and
words fail. Such power would save
where haranguing and civil authority
would fail. The drunkard would re-
sist "five minutes more."

Do you doubt it? There are men
in this city who have been spared a
drunkard's death because one friend
dared to tell them the truth, and
forced them to abstain. Only the Holy
Spirit can save from sin. But those
who have been saved can bring others
under His power. J. R. K.
Richmond.

QUERIES &
ANSWERS

Veterans.
Please give the names of the officers
of the Richmond Howitzers who were
at the battle of Bethel and of the
commanding officers of Company F,
First Regiment of Virginia, from
1861-1865. H. M.

Major George W. Randolph, com-
manding; Captain J. Thompson Brown;
First Lieutenant Henry Hudson; Sec-
ond Lieutenant David Watson; Third
Lieutenant Lorraine Jones, for the
Second Company; Captain R. C. Stan-
ard; First Lieutenant E. F. Mosely;
Second Lieutenant J. M. West; Third
Lieutenant B. H. Smith, for the Third
Company. The captains of Company
F were E. H. Cunningham, promoted
lieutenant-colonel, Twenty-first Regi-
ment, killed; R. M. Cary, promoted
colonel, Thirtieth Virginia; Edward
Mayo and R. J. Jordan.

National State and City
Bank

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

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